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LESSON NO. _1_:(INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE)
ACTIVITY NO. __1__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Define Literature.
- Distinguish the differences between Prose and Poetry.
- Identify the different branches of Literature.

DISCUSSION:

I. LITERATURE

- It came from the Latin word "*literatura"* which means "writing formed with letters."
- It refers to artistic writings worthy of being remembered.

BRANCHES OF LITERATURE

A. FICTION- it is where the authors make up the entire story, they can choose to include factual information in a made-up story.

B. NON-FICTION- it is also called "informational materials", this type of literature provides information that is factual.

TYPES OF LITERATURE

A. PROSE- It is a form of language which implies ordinary grammatical structure and natural flow of speech rather than rhythmic structure.

Examples of Prose:

1. **NOVEL-** a fictitious prose narrative of book length, typically representing character and action with some degree of realism.
2. **SHORT STORY-** a story with a fully developed theme but significantly shorter and less elaborate than a novel.
3. **PLAYS-** is a work of drama, usually consisting mostly of dialogue between characters and intended for theatrical performance rather than just reading.
4. **ESSAY-** a short piece of writing on a particular subject.
5. **LEGENDS-** a traditional story sometimes popularly regarded as historical but unauthenticated.
6. **FABLES-** a short story, typically with animals as characters, conveying a moral.
7. **ANECDOTES-** a short amusing or interesting story about a real incident or person.
8. **MYTH-** a traditional story, especially one concerning the early history of a people or explaining some natural or social phenomenon, and typically involving supernatural beings or events.
9. **BIOGRAPHY-** an account of someone's life written by someone else.
10. **NEWS-** newly received or noteworthy information, especially about recent or important events.

B. POETRY- It came from the Greek word "POIESIS" which means "making". It refers to those expression in verse, with measure and rhyme, line and stanza, and has more melodious tone.

Examples of Poetry:

1. **NARRATIVE POETRY -** it describes important events in real life or imaginary.

   Examples of Narrative Poetry:

   a. EPIC- a long poem, typically one derived from ancient oral tradition, narrating the deeds and adventures of heroic or legendary figures or the history of a nation.

b. **BALLAD** - a poem or song narrating a story in short stanzas. Traditional ballads are typically of unknown authorship, having been passed on orally from one generation to the next as part of the folk culture.
c. **METRICAL TALE** - is a long poem that tells an already developed story in verse. The metric tale is also known as the "metric romance", appeared in the Renaissance. The themes associated with the metric tale are adventures of questing knights, courtly love and romance. Its length varies, it can either be the size of a short story, or spanning to the length of a novel.

2. **LYRIC POETRY**- it applies to any type of poetry that expresses emotions and feelings of the poet.

Examples of Lyric Poetry:

a. **FOLK SONG** -a song that originates in traditional popular culture or that is written in such a style.
b. **SONNET**-a poem of fourteen lines using any of a number of formal rhyme schemes, in English typically having ten syllables per line.
c. **EULOGY**- a speech that praises someone who has died.
d. **ODE**- a poem in which a person expresses a strong feeling of love or respect for someone or something.
e. **PSALM**- a song or poem used in worship and especially one from the Bible.
f. **AWIT**- is a type of Filipino poem, consisting of 12-syllable quatrains. It follows the pattern of rhyming stanzas established in the Philippine epic Pasyon.
g. **CORRIDO**- it is a popular narrative song and poetry that forms a ballad. The songs are often about oppression, history, daily life for peasants, and other socially relevant topics. It is still a popular form today in Mexico and was widely popular during the Mexican Revolutions of the 20th century.

3. **DRAMA-** It is a theatrical dialogue performed on stage.
Examples of Drama:

a. **COMEDY**- it is an entertainment consisting of jokes intended to make an audience laugh. For ancient Greeks and Romans, a comedy was a stage-play with a happy ending. In the Middle Ages, the term expanded to include narrative poems with happy endings and a lighter tone.
b. **TRAGEDY**-treats in a serious and dignified style the sorrowful or terrible events encountered or caused by a heroic individual. By extension the term may be applied to other literary works, such as the novel.
c. **MELODRAMA**- is a dramatic work wherein the plot, which is typically sensational and designed to appeal strongly to the emotions, takes precedence over detailed characterization. Melodramas typically concentrate on dialogue, which is often bombastic or excessively sentimental, rather than action.
d. **FARCE**- a comedy that aims at entertaining the audience through situations that are highly exaggerated, extravagant, and thus improbable. Farce is also characterized by physical humor, the use of deliberate absurdity or nonsense, and broadly stylized performances.

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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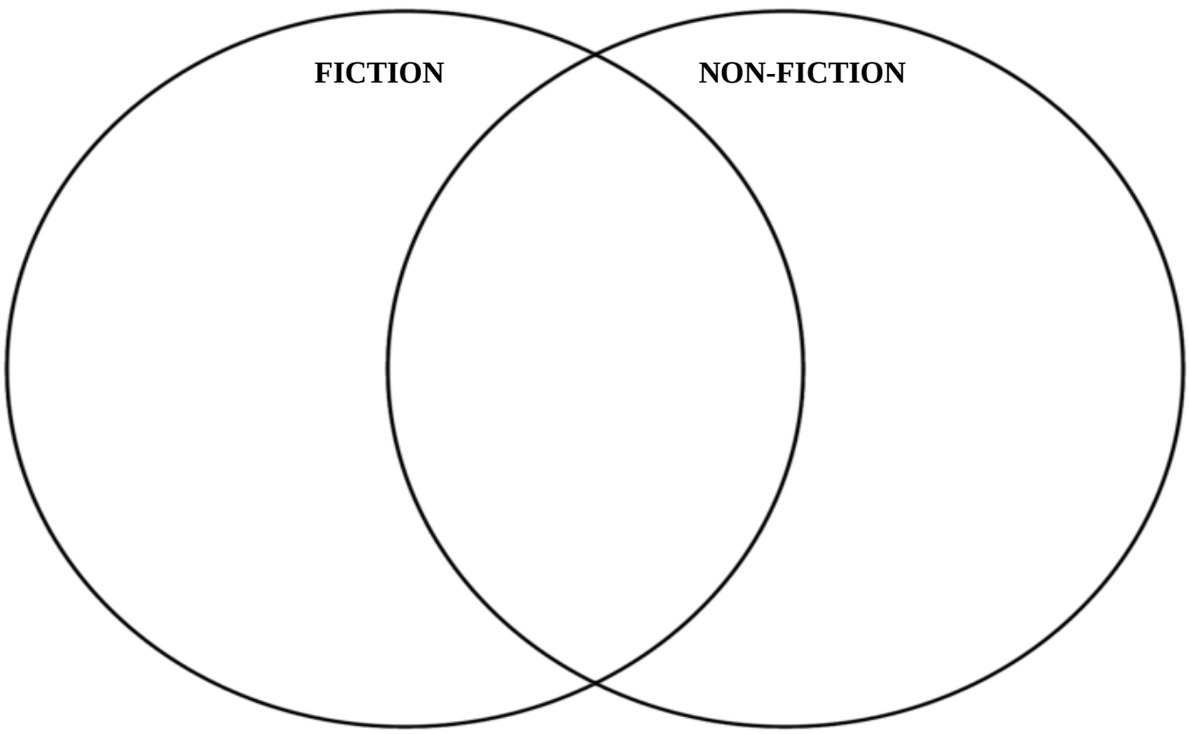
LESSON NO. _1_:(INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE)
ACTIVITY NO. __1__

Directions: Answer the following question below.

1. In your own word, what do you mean by literature?

2. What is the main reason in studying and understanding literature?

3. In the Venn diagram below write the similarities and differences of Fiction and Non-Fiction.



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LESSON NO. _2_:(FIVE BROTHERS, ONE MOTHER)

ACTIVITY NO. __2__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Identify the Elements of Story in the "Five Brothers. One Mother".
- Give personal definition of home.
- Interpret the message/theme of the story.
- Discover tourist spots and history of Marikina

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

➢ ***MARIKINA***

- The Shoe Capital of the Philippines.
- 1st class highly urbanized city in Metro Manila.
- Land Area: 21.52 km²
- Population: 450,741 (2015)

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN MARIKINA

- Our Lady of the Abandoned Parish
- Marikina Sports Center
- Marikina River Park
- Marikina City Footwear Museum

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

➢ ***ALEXIS AUGUSTO L. ABOLA (EXIE ABOLA)***

- MA in Creative Writing from UP Diliman
- Currently teaches at the English Department at the Ateneo de Manila.

AREAS OF SPECIALIZATION

- Creative Writing
- Philippine Fiction in English

AWARDS

- Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Short Story (2015, 2011, 2005)
- Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Essay (2000)

III. LITERARY PIECE

"FIVE BROTHERS, ONE MOTHER"

(An excerpt from the essay "The Many Mansions")

Exie Abola

The Marikina house wasn't finished yet, but with an ultimatum hanging over our heads, we had no choice but to move in. Just how unfinished the house became bruisingly clear on our first night. There was no electricity yet, and the windows didn't have screens. There were mosquitoes. I couldn't sleep the whole night. My sister slept on a cot out in the upstairs hall instead of her room downstairs, maybe because it was cooler here. Every so often she would toss and turn, waving bugs away with half-asleep hands. I sat beside her and fanned her. She had worked the next day. In the morning someone went out and bought boxes and boxes of Katol.

Work on the house would continue, but it remains unfinished eight years later. All the interiors, after a few years of intermittent work, are done. But the exterior remains unpainted, still the same cement gray as the day we moved in, though grimier now. Marikina's factories aren't too far away. The garden remains ungreened; earth, stones, weeds, and leaves are where I suppose Bermuda grass will be put down someday.

In my eyes the Marikina house is an attempt to return to the successful Green meadows plan, but with more modest means at one's disposal. The living room of the Cinco Hermanos house features much of the same furniture, a similar look. The sofa and wing chairs seem at ease again. My mother's growing collection of angel figurines is the new twist. But there is

less space in this room, as in most of the rooms in the Marikina house, since it is a smaller house on a smaller lot.

The kitchen is carefully planned, as was the earlier one, the cooking and eating areas clearly demarcated. There is again a formal dining room, and the new one seems to have been designed for the long narra dining table, a lovely Designs Ligna item, perhaps the one most beautiful piece of furniture we have, bought on the cheap from relatives leaving the country in a hurry when we still were on Heron Street.

Upstairs are the boys' rooms. The beds were the ones custom-made for the Green meadows house, the same ones we'd slept in since then. It was a loft or an attic, my mother insisted, which is why the stairs had such narrow steps. But this "attic," curiously enough, had two big bedrooms as well as a wide hall. To those of us who actually inhabited these rooms, the curiosity was an annoyance. There was no bathroom, so if you had to go to the toilet in the middle of the night you had to go down the stairs and come back up again, by which time you were at least half awake.

Perhaps there was no difference between the two houses more basic, and more dramatic, than their location. This part of Marikina is not quite the same as the swanky part of Ortigas we inhabited for five years. Cinco Hermanos is split by a road, cutting it into two phases, that leads on one end to Major Santos Dizon, which connects Marcos Highway with Katipunan Avenue. The other end of the road stops at Olandes, a dense community of pedicabs, narrow streets, and poverty. The noise – from the tricycles, the chattering on the street, the trucks hurtling down Marcos Highway in the distance, the blaring of the loudspeaker at our street corner put there by eager-beaver barangay officials – dispels any illusions one might harbor of having returned to a state of bliss.

The first floor is designed to create a clear separation between the family and guest areas, so one can entertain outsiders without disturbing the house's inhabitants. This principle owes probably more to my mother than my father. After all, she is the entertainer, the host. The living room, patio, and dining room – the places where guests might be entertained – must be clean and neat, things in their places. She keeps the kitchen achingly well-organized, which is why there are lots of cabinets and a deep cupboard.And she put them to good use. According to Titus, the fourth, who accompanied her recently while grocery shopping, she buys groceries as if all of us still lived there. I don't recall the cupboard ever being empty.

That became her way of mothering. As we grew older and drifted farther and farther away from her grasp, defining our own lives outside of the house, my mother must have felt that she was losing us to friends, jobs, loves – forces beyond her control. Perhaps she figured that food, and a clean place to stay, was what we still needed from her. So, over the last ten years or so she has become more involved in her cooking, more attentive, better. She also became fussier about meals, asking if you'll be there for lunch or dinner so she knows how much to cook, reprimanding the one who didn't call to say he wasn't coming home for dinner after all, or the person who brought guests home without warning. There was more to it than just knowing how much rice to cook.

I know it gives her joy to have relatives over during the regular Christmas and New Year get-togethers, which have been held in our house for the past half-decade or so. She brings out the special dishes, cups and saucers, platters, glasses, bowls, coasters and doilies she herself crocheted. Perhaps I understand better why her Christmas decor has grown more lavish each year. After seeing off the last guests after the most recent gathering, she sighed, "Ang kalat ng bahay!" I didn't see her face, but I could hear her smiling. My father replied, "Masaya ka naman." It wasn't a secret.

Sundays we come over to the house, everyone who has moved out, and have lunch together. Sunday lunches were always differently esteemed in our household. Now that some of us have left, I sense that my siblings try harder than they ever did to be there. I know I do. I try not to deprive my mother the chance to do what she does best.

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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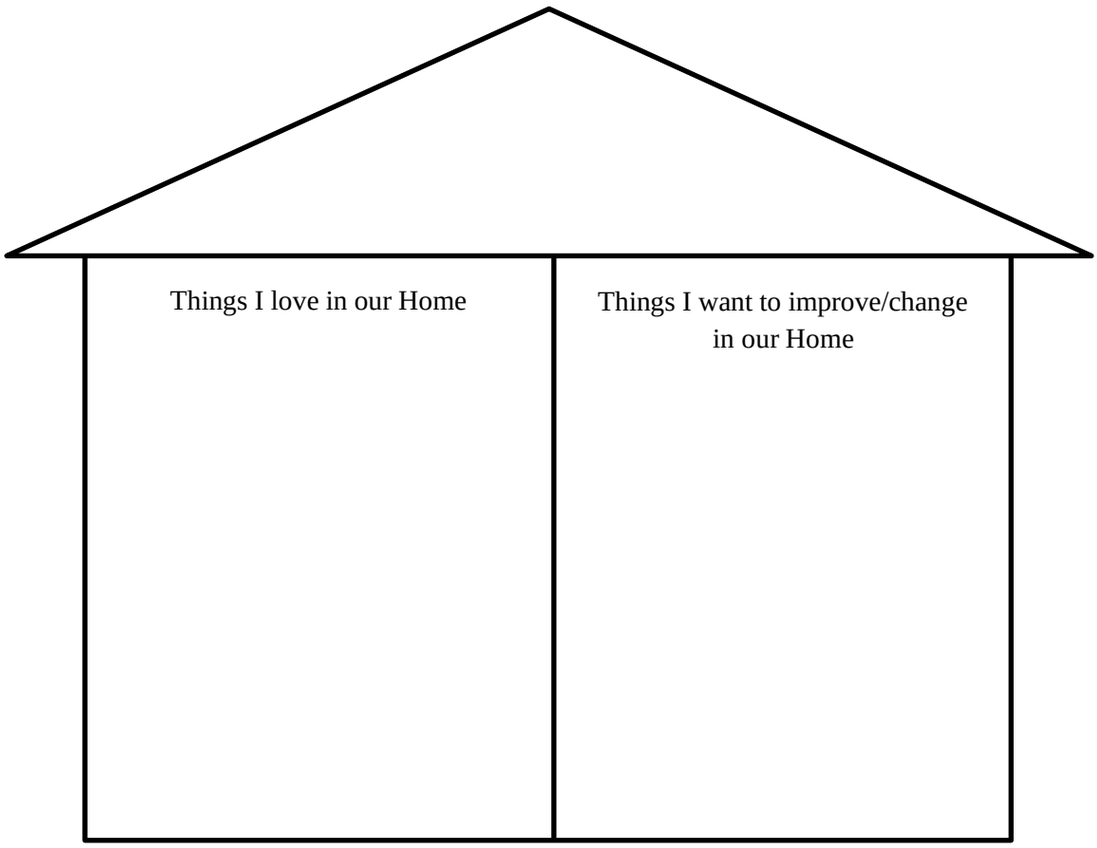
LESSON NO. _2_ :(FIVE BROTHERS, ONE MOTHER)
ACTIVITY NO. __2__

DIRECTIONS: Answer the following question below.

1. Explain the theme of the story "A mother's love will never end and it is there from beginning to end."

2. In the image below, list down five things that you love and five things you want to improve/change in your home.



3. Write the elements of the story using the format below. Use another sheet of paper for your answer.

I. Characters
II. Setting
III. Plot
a. Exposition
b. Conflict
c. Climax
d. Resolution
e. Ending
IV. Theme
V. Moral of the Story

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LESSON NO. _3_:(THE HAIYAN DEAD)

ACTIVITY NO. __3__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Research about the Typhoon Yolanda.
- Analyze the message of the given poem through poster making.
- Distinguish the differences of Metaphor and Simile.
- Make a slogan showing the theme of the poem.

DISCUSSION

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

➢ ***LEYTE***

- Capital: Tacloban City
- Located at Eastern Visayas
- Land Area: 5,712.80 sq. km.
- Population: 2,388,518 (2015)
- Language: Waray/Cebuano

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN LEYTE

- The Sto. Niño Shrine
- Red Beach
- The San Juanico Bridge
- Leyte Landing Memorial

FAMOUS DELICACIES IN LEYTE

- Binagol and Choco Moron

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

➢ ***MERLIE ALUNAN***

- Born: December 14, 1943
- Place: Dingle, Iloilo
- Graduated at Silliman University
- Teaches Creative Writing at the
- Creative Writing Center, UP Visayas Tacloban College
- She lives in Tacloban City.

AREAS OF SPECIALIZATION

- Creative Writing

AWARDS

- Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards
- Ani ng Dangal
- National Book Award etc.

III. LITERARY PIECE

"The Haiyan Dead"

Merlie M. Alunan

Leyte

do not sleep
They walk our streets
climb stairs of roofless houses
latchless windows blown-off doors
they are looking for the bed by the window
cocks crowing at dawn lizards in the eaves
they are looking for the men
who loved them at night the women
who made them crawl like puppies

to their breasts babes they held in arms
the boy who climbed trees the Haiyan dead
are looking in the rubble for the child
they once were the youth they once were
the bride with flowers in her hair
red-lipped perfumed women
white-haired father gap-toothed crone
selling peanuts by the church door
the drunk by the street lamp waiting
for his house to come by the girl dreaming
under the moon the Haiyan dead are
looking for the moon washed out
n a tumult of water that melted their bodies
they are looking for the bodies that once
move to the dance to play
to the rhythms of love moved
in the simple ways---before wind
lifted sea and smashed it on land---
of breath talk words shaping
in their throat lips tongues
the Haiyan dead are looking
for a song they used to love a poem
a prayer they had raised that sea had
swallowed before it could be said
the Haiyan dead are looking for
the eyes of God suddenly blinded
in the sudden murk white wind seething
water salt sand black silt---and that is why
the Haiyan dead will walk among us
endlessly sleepless---

II. FIGURES OF SPEECH

1. **SIMILE -** a figure of speech involving the comparison of one thing with another thing of a different kind, used to make a description more emphatic or vivid, with the use of "like" and "as".
    - You were as strong as a lion.
    - Watching the show was like watching grass grow.
2. **METAPHOR -** is a figure of speech that describes an object or action in a way that isn't literally true, but helps explain an idea or make a comparison.
    - His heart of stone surprised me.
    - The criminal has blood on his hands.

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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LESSON NO. _3_ :(THE HAIYAN DEAD)
ACTIVITY NO. __3__

DIRECTIONS: Answer the following activity below. Write your answer on the space provided.

1. Research about the Typhoon Yolanda and write the ideas that you have gathered on the space provided below.

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

2. On the space provided, make a slogan regarding the theme of the poem “The Haiyan Dead”.

3. Draw a poster about what your idea on the poem. Use the space provided below.

4. Write at least 5 examples of Simile and Metaphor. Write it on a separate sheet of paper.

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LESSON NO. _4_:(PROMDI@MANILA)
ACTIVITY NO. __4__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Identify the elements of the Story in "Promdi@Manila"
- Analyze the differences of the two characters in the story.
- Distinguish the different types of character used in the story.

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

➢ ***ANTIQUE***

- Hantik (also called Hamtik or Hamtic) became Antique. Hantik was named for the large black ants found on the island called "hantik-hantik".
- Capital: San Jose De Buenavista
- Land Area: 2,729.17 km^2
- Population: 582,012 (2015)
- Language: Kinaray-A

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN ANTIQUE

- Malalison Island
- Seco Island
- Nogas Island
- Igsapungaw Island

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

➢ ***GENEVIEVE L. ASENJO***

- Born: 1982 in Antique
- She is a Filipino poet, novelist, translator and literary scholar in Kinaray-a, Hiligaynon and Filipino.
- Her first novel, Lumbay ng Dila, received a citation for the Juan C. Laya Prize for Excellence in Fiction in a Philippine Language in the National Book Award.

AWARDS

- Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Short Story in Hiligaynon

III. LITERARY PIECE

➢ Visit the provided link below for the copy of the Story.

https://docs.google.com/document/d/17WgjcrrojeUsoUQ-9rrRaTu17hZa_V5Fm7apxvQiiv8/edit?usp=sharing

CHARACTERS- It is the composition of a person in a work of fiction.

TYPES OF CHARACTER:

1. **ROUND CHARACTER**- t is usually dynamically changes or transforms by the end of the story.
2. **FLAT CHARACTER**- It stays the same at the end of the story and is considered static.
3. **FOIL CHARACTER**- It stands in contrast to another character, usually emphasizing a particular attribute of a more prominently characterized figure.

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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LESSON NO. _4_ :(PROMDI@MANILA)
ACTIVITY NO. __4__

DIRECTIONS: Answer the following questions below.

1. According to the story, how is Manila different from Antique?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

2. What lesson can we get to the story?

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

3. Using the T-Chart, compare and contrast Julia and Teray.

JULIA	TERAY

4. Identify the Elements of the Story using the format below.

I. Characters
II. Setting
III. Plot
a. Exposition
b. Conflict
c. Climax
d. Resolution
e. Ending
VI. Theme
VII. Moral of the Story

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LESSON NO. _5_ :(THIRD WORLD GEOGRAPHY)
ACTIVITY NO. __5__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Research about Martial Law.
- Identify the different Figures of Speech used in the poem.
- Determine the message of the poem that can apply in the current situation of our country.
- Create a visualization of the poem.

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

➢ ***MANILA***

- The city's name, originally Maynilad, is derived from that of the nilad plant, a flowering shrub adapted to marshy conditions, which once grew profusely along the banks of the river; the name was shortened first to Maynila and then to its present form.
- Capital of the Philippines
- Land Area: 42.88 km²
- Population: 1.78 million (2015)
- Language: Tagalog/English

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN MANILA

- Rizal Park
- Manila Ocean Park
- Manila Bay
- Malacañang Palace

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

➢ ***CIRILO F. BAUTISTA***

- Born: JULY 9, 1941
- Died: MAY 6, 2018
- A poet, fictionist and essayist with exceptional achievements and significant contributions to the development of the country's literary arts.

AWARDS

- Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards in different Genres of Literature.

III. LITERARY PIECE

"THIRD WORLD GEOGRAPHY"
Cirilo F. Bautista
Manila

A country without miracles
Sits heavy on the map,
Thinking of banana trees rotting
In the sunlight.
The man who watches over it
Has commandeered all hopes,
Placed them in a sack,
And tied its loose end.
He goes around carrying it
On his back.
When asked what is inside,
He say, "Just a handful of feathers,
Just a handful of feathers."

That's how light the burden
Of government is in peace time –
Any tyrant can turn it into a metaphor.
You kneel on the parched earth
And pray for rice. Only the wind
Hears your useless words.
The country without miracles
Tries to get up from the page,
But the bold ink and sharp colors
Hold it down.

FIGURES OF SPEECH:

1. **SIMILE -** a figure of speech involving the comparison of one thing with another thing of a different kind, used to make a description more emphatic or vivid, with the use of "like"
   Example:
   - *The cloud is fluffy like cotton candy.*

2. **METAPHOR-** is a figure of speech that describes an object or action in a way that isn't literally true, but helps explain an idea or make a comparison.
   Example:
   - *Your voice is music to my ears.*

3. **PERSONIFICATION -** the attribution of a personal nature or human characteristics to something nonhuman, or the representation of an abstract quality in human form.
   Example:
   - *The stars in the clear night sky winked at me.*

4. **HYPERBOLE -** exaggerated statements or claims not meant to be taken literally.
   Example:
   - *I've told you to clean your room a million times!*

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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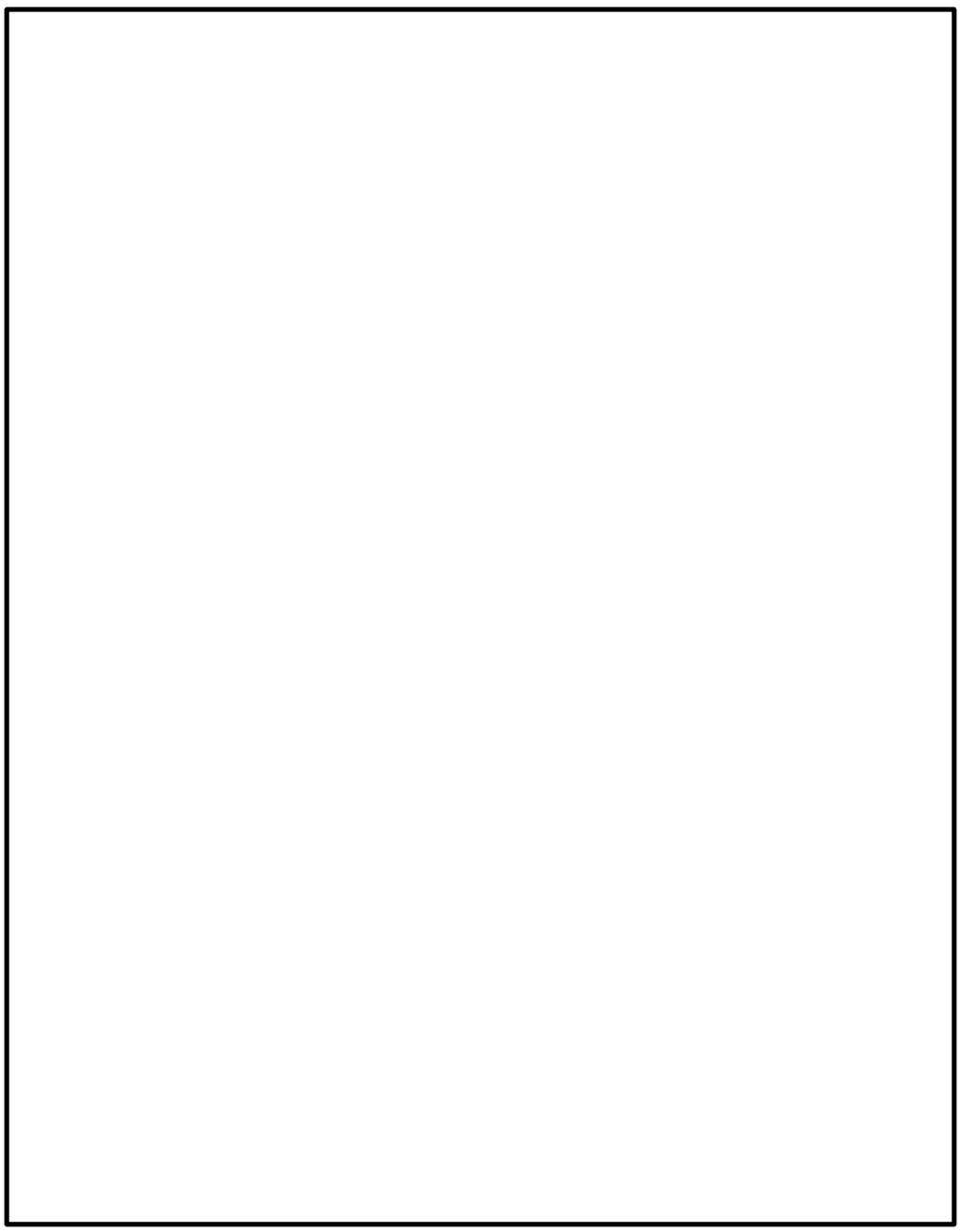
LESSON NO. _5_ :(THIRD WORLD GEOGRAPHY)
ACTIVITY NO. __5__

Directions: Using the provided box below. Create a visualization of the poem entitled, "Third World Geography." You may use photographs or illustrations to showcase the message or theme of the poem.



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LESSON NO. _6_ :(SWADDLING CLOTHES)
ACTIVITY NO. __6__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Describe main character's behavior in the story.
- Discover places and traditions in Japan.
- Identify the theme and moral of the story

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

- ***JAPAN***
- **Capital:** Tokyo
- **Population:** 126,476,461 (2020)
- **Land Area:** 377,915 km²
- **Language:** Nihongo
- **Currency:** Japanese Yen
- **Type of Government:** Parliamentary

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN JAPAN

- Shinjuku Gyoen National Garden
- Chidorigafuchi Green Way
- Jingu Gaien Ginkgo Avenue
- Mount Fuji

FOOD AND DELICACIES

- Sushi
- Yakitori
- Kaiseki
- Sashimi

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

- **Born:** Kimitake Hiraoka January 14, 1925 (Tokyo, Japan)
- **Died:** November 25, 1970 (aged 45) Tokyo, Japan
- **Cause of death:** Suicide by Seppuku
- **Resting place:** Tama Cemetery
- **Alma mater:** University of Tokyo
- **Occupation:** Novelist, Playwright, Poet, Short-Story writer, Essayist, Critic.

AWARDS

- Shincho Prize from Shinchosha Publishing, 1954, for The Sound of Waves
- Kishida Prize for Drama from Shinchosha Publishing, 1955 for Shiroari no Su (白蟻の巣, "Termites' nest")
- Yomiuri Prize from Yomiuri Newspaper Co., for best novel, 1956, The Temple of the Golden Pavilion

III. LITERARY PIECE

- **Swaddling Clothes by Yukio Mishima**
- Visit the provided link below for the copy of the Story.
  http://www.101bananas.com/library2/swaddling.html

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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GRADE & SECTION: _____ **DATE:** _____

LESSON NO. _6_ :(SWADDLING CLOTHES)
ACTIVITY NO. __6__

Directions: Answer the following guided questions correctly based on the said story.

1. What kind of woman do you think is Toshiko?

_____
_____
_____

2. How about her husband? What kind of husband she has?

_____
_____

3. Why do you think their nurse lied to them about her condition?

_____
_____
_____

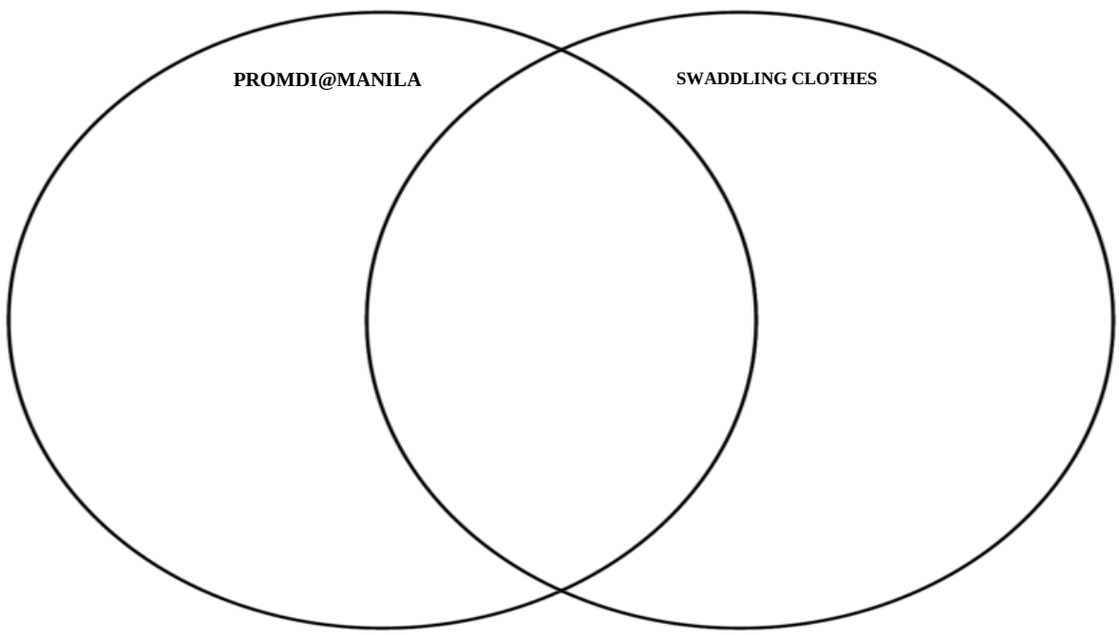
4. What do you think happen to Toshiko after the homeless man seized her in her wrist?

_____
_____
_____

5. What do you think happens to someone who starts off life so badly? Does it make a difference?

_____
_____
_____

Directions: Compare and contrast the story from the Philippines entitled "Promdi@Manila" and story from Japan entitled "Swaddling Clothes" using the Venn Diagram below. Write the things you observed that are similar and different from our country's tradition and belief.



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LESSON NO. _7_:(IF YOU WERE A DINOSAURS, MY LOVE)
ACTIVITY NO. __7__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Read and comprehend the poem
- Interpret the message/theme of the poem
- Relate the used comparison between T-rex and the lover.
- Illustrate your emotion thru Dinosaur's representation

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

- ***UNITED STATES OF AMERICA***
- **Capital:** Capital: Washington, D.C.
- **Population:** 328.2 million
- **Land Area:** 9.834 million km²
- **Language:** English

FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN JAPAN

- Grand Canyon
- Statue of Liberty
- White House

FOOD AND DELICACIES

- Buffalo wings
- Apple pie
- Barbecue ribs
- Hamburger

II. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

- **Born:** April 14, 1982 at San Jose, California, United States
- **Nationality:** American
- **Period:** 2006 – present
- **Genre:** Science fiction, Fantasy

- ***Rachel Swirsky*** - is an American literary, speculative fiction and fantasy writer, poet, and editor living in Oregon. She was the founding editor of the PodCastle podcast and served as editor from 2008 to 2010. She served as Vice President of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America in 2013.

AWARDS

- **Notable Works:**
  - The Lady Who Plucked Red Flowers beneath the Queen's Window
  - If You Were a Dinosaur, My Love

- **Notable Awards:** Nebula Award (2010, 2013)

IV. LITERARY PIECE

- "If You Were a Dinosaur, My Love" by Rachel Swirsky

"If You Were a Dinosaur, My Love" by Rachel Swirsky

If you were a dinosaur, my love, then you would be a T-Rex. You'd be a small one, only five feet, ten inches, the same height as human-you. You'd be fragile-boned and you'd walk with as delicate and polite a gait as you could manage on massive talons. Your eyes would gaze gently from beneath your bony brow-ridge.

If you were a T-Rex, then I would become a zookeeper so that I could spend all my time with you. I'd bring you raw chickens and live goats. I'd watch the gore shining on your teeth. I'd make my bed on the floor of your cage, in the moist dirt, cushioned by leaves. When you couldn't sleep, I'd sing you lullabies.

If I sang you lullabies, I'd soon notice how quickly you picked up music. You'd harmonize with me, your rough, vibrating voice a strange counterpoint to mine. When you thought I was asleep, you'd cry unrequited love songs into the night.

If you sang unrequited love songs, I'd take you on tour. We'd go to Broadway. You'd stand onstage, talons digging into the floorboards. Audiences would weep at the melancholic beauty of your singing.

If audiences wept at the melancholic beauty of your singing, they'd rally to fund new research into reviving extinct species. Money would flood into scientific institutions. Biologists would reverse engineer chickens until they could discover how to give them jaws with teeth. Paleontologists would mine ancient fossils for traces of collagen. Geneticists would figure out how to build a dinosaur from nothing by discovering exactly what DNA sequences code everything about a creature, from the size of its pupils to what enables a brain to contemplate a sunset. They'd work until they'd built you a mate.

If they built you a mate, I'd stand as the best woman at your wedding. I'd watch awkwardly in green chiffon that made me look sallow, as I listened to your vows. I'd be jealous, of course, and also sad, because I want to marry you. Still, I'd know that it was for the best that you marry another creature like yourself, one that shares your body and bone and genetic template. I'd stare at the two of you standing together by the altar and I'd love you even more than I do now. My soul would feel light because I'd know that you and I had made something new in the world and at the same time revived something very old. I would be borrowed, too, because I'd be borrowing your happiness. All I'd need would be something blue.

If all I needed was something blue, I'd run across the church, heels clicking on the marble, until I reached a vase by the front pew. I'd pull out a hydrangea the shade of the sky and press it against my heart and my heart would beat like a flower. I'd bloom. My happiness would become petals. Green chiffon would turn into leaves. My legs would be pale stems, my hair delicate pistils. From my throat, bees would drink exotic nectars. I would astonish everyone assembled, the biologists and the paleontologists and the geneticists, the reporters and the rubberneckers and the music aficionados, all those people who—deceived by the helix-and-fossil trappings of cloned dinosaurs-- believed that they lived in a science fictional world when really, they lived in a world of magic where anything was possible.

If we lived in a world of magic where anything was possible, then you would be a dinosaur, my love. You'd be a creature of courage and strength but also gentleness. Your claws and fangs would intimidate your foes effortlessly. Whereas you—fragile, lovely, human you—must rely on wits and charm.

A T-Rex, even a small one, would never have to stand against five blustering men soaked in gin and malice. A T-Rex would bare its fangs and they would cower. They'd hide beneath the tables instead of knocking them over. They'd grasp each other for comfort instead of seizing the pool cues with which they beat you, calling you a fag, a towel-head, a shemale, a sissy, a spic, every epithet they could think of, regardless of whether it had anything to do with you or not, shouting and shouting as you slid to the floor in the slick of your own blood.

If you were a dinosaur, my love, I'd teach you the scents of those men. I'd lead you to them quietly, oh so quietly. Still, they would see you. They'd run. Your nostrils would flare as you inhaled the night and then, with the suddenness of a predator, you'd strike. I'd watch as you decanted their lives—the flood of red; the spill of glistening, coiled things—and I'd laugh, laugh, laugh.

If I laughed, laughed, laughed, I'd eventually feel guilty. I'd promise never to do something like that again. I'd avert my eyes from the newspapers when they showed photographs of the men's tearful widows and fatherless children, just as they must avert their eyes from the newspapers that show my face. How reporters adore my face, the face of the paleontologist's fiancée with her half-planned wedding, bouquets of hydrangeas already ordered, green chiffon bridesmaid dresses already picked out. The paleontologist's fiancée who waits by the bedside of a man who will probably never wake.

If you were a dinosaur, my love, then nothing could break you, and if nothing could break you, then nothing could break me. I would bloom into the most beautiful flower. I would stretch joyfully toward the sun. I'd trust in your teeth and talons to keep you/me/us safe now and forever from the scratch of chalk on pool cues, and the scuff of the nurses' shoes in the hospital corridor, and the stuttering of my broken heart.

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NAME: _____ **SCORE:** _____

GRADE & SECTION: _____ **DATE:** _____

LESSON NO. _7_:(If you were a Dinosaurs, My Love)
ACTIVITY NO. __7__

I. DIRECTIONS: Answer the following questions correctly based on the poem entitled, "If you were a Dinosaurs, My Love."

1. How would the narrator's lover be different from a typical T-rex?

_____
_____
_____

2. If your true love were a dinosaur, what kind would s/he be?

_____
_____
_____

3. What kind of relationship would you maintain with your dinosaur lover?

_____
_____
_____

II. DIRECTIONS: Using the box below, paste a dinosaur's pictograph that can show about your love emotion towards your loved one and give short explanation.

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LESSON NO. _8_:(CIVILIAN AND SOLDIERS)
ACTIVITY NO. __8__

LEARNING OBJECTIVES:

- Discover places and traditions in Nigeria.
- Interpret and relate the theme and message of the poem to current situation.
- Apply critical reading strategies in literature.

DISCUSSION:

I. ABOUT THE PLACE

- ***NIGERIA***
- **Capital:** Abuja
- **Population:** 195.9 million (2018)
- **Land Area:** 923, 768 km²
- **Language:** English
- **Currency:** Nigerian Naira
- **Type of Government:** Federal

II. FAMOUS TOURIST SPOT IN NIGERIA

- The Ibeno Beach
- Obudu Mountain Resort
- The Giant Footprint
- Osun-Osogbo Grove

FOOD AND DELICACIES

- Jollof Rice
- Porridge Yam
- Egusi Soup and Eba
- Pepper Soup

III. ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WOLE SOYINKA

- He was born on July 13, 1934 at Abeokuta, near Ibadan in western Nigeria.
- He studied preparatory university studies in 1954 at Government College in Ibadan.
- He continued at the University of Leeds, where, later, in 1973, he took his doctorate.
- He was awarded a Rockefeller bursary and returned to Nigeria to study African drama. (1960)
- In 1960, he founded the theatre group, “The 1960 Masks”
- In 1964, the “Orisun Theatre Company”.
- During the civil war in Nigeria, Soyinka appealed in an article for cease-fire.
- For this he was arrested in 1967, and was held as a political prisoner for 22 months until 1969.
- Soyinka has published about 20 works: drama, novels and poetry.

LITERARY WORKS

- The Swamp Dwellers
- The Lion and the Jewel
- The Trial of Brother Jero
- A Dance of the Forests
- A Play of Giants
- Requiem for a Futurologist

AWARDS

- 1986 Nobel Prize in Literature
- Academy of achievement golden plate award

IV. LITERARY PIECE

"Civilian and Soldier"
by Wole Soyinka

My apparition rose from the fall of lead,
Declared, 'I am a civilian.' It only served
To aggravate your fright. For how could I
Have risen, a being of this world, in that hour
Of impartial death! And I thought also: nor is
Your quarrel of this world.

You stood still
For both eternities, and oh I heard the lesson
Of your trading sessions, cautioning -
Scorch earth behind you, do not leave
A dubious neutral to the rear. Reiteration
Of my civilian quandary, burrowing earth

From the lead festival of your more eager friends
Worked the worse on your confusion, and when
You brought the gun to bear on me, and death
Twitched me gently in the eye, your plight
And all of you came clear to me.

I hope someday
Intent upon my trade of living, to be checked
In stride by your apparition in a trench,
Signaling, I am a soldier. No hesitation then
But I shall shoot you clean and fair
With meat and bread, a gourd of wine
A bunch of breasts from either arm, and that
Lone question - do you friend, even now, know
What it is all about?

V. CRITICAL READING STRATEGIES IN LITERATURE

1. Previewing

- Before you begin reading the text, preview it by gathering important information about it.
- Previewing helps prepare your mind for the barrage of information that is to come when you do the actual reading.
- When you preview a text, you skim it to get the big picture or an overview of the entire text.

2. Annotating

- Annotating involves highlighting or making notes of important ideas in the text.

3. Contextualizing

- When you contextualize, you consider the historical, cultural, or biographical context of the text. Identify the context(s) in which the text was written and determine how this context differs from your own.

4. Outlining and Summarizing

- Outlining and summarizing the text help you identify the main ideas in the text and express them again in your own words.

5. Analyzing

- Analyzing a text deals with examining the information presented to support the author's argument(s).

6. Rereading

- It requires a repeated examination of the text to enable you to improve your comprehension of the text and to identify ideas that you may not have noticed in initial reading.

7. Responding

- It means drawing meaning from what you have read and presenting it in writing or talking about it to others.

REFERENCE: Sanchez, et. Al, 21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World, Vibal Publishing.

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LESSON NO. _8_:(CIVILIAN AND SOLDIERS)
ACTIVITY NO. __8__

DIRECTIONS: Read an understand carefully the literary text below of Robert Frost and apply the critical reading strategies using a separate paper.

The Road Not Taken
by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.